

CRACK COMICS

10¢

SUMMER
ISSUE
No. 34

**Captain
TRIUMPH**

IN ANOTHER
SLAM BANG
ACTION-PACKED
STORY!



AL BRYANT

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Captain TRIUMPH



They died SCREAMING!
AND LANCE GALLANT, WHO, WITH
THE GHOST OF HIS DEAD BROTHER
MICHAEL, COMBINES TO FORM THE
REMARKABLE *Captain Triumph*,
FOLLOWS A CROOKED TRAIL OF
MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE TO THE
BRINK OF UNSPEAKABLE PERIL!!...

YOU'LL feel like
SCREAMING, YOURSELF!

... WITH THE MOUNTING
SUSPENSE AND TERROR IN
THIS STORY WHICH YOU
WON'T SOON FORGET ...
WHEN *Captain Triumph*
ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE
Case of The
SCREAMING DEATHS!

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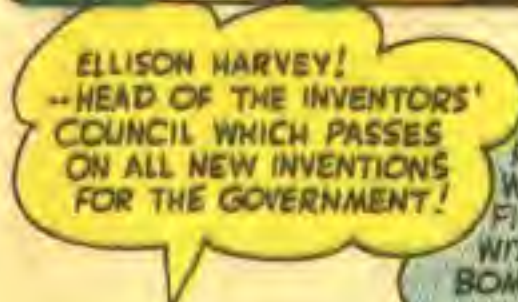
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BACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS





THE AIRDROME AGAIN! ... I WONDER WHY RAVEN CAME HERE? ...



IN A MOMENT, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH HAS HIS ANSWER! A SMALL CABIN PLANE RACES DOWN THE RUNWAY AND INTO THE AIR! ...



RAVEN HAD A PLANE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE AIRDROME!



I HOPE HE DOESN'T MIND CARRYING AN EXTRA PASSENGER!



KIM!



RAVEN KEPT YOU A PRISONER IN THIS PLANE! ... I NEVER GUESSED YOU WERE SO CLOSE BY, ALL THIS TIME!

HE'S A MADMAN! HE KEPT ASKING WHAT I'D DONE WITH THE BLUEPRINTS DR. MARION GAVE ME! BUT I NEVER SAW ANY BLUEPRINTS!



HE HAS SOME STRANGE NEW WEAPON! HE STOLE SAMPLES OF IT ... BUT HE NEEDS THE BLUEPRINTS TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S MADE!

IT'S SOME KIND OF SONIC-ELECTRIC BOMB! THE VIBRATIONS AFFECT THE NERVES SO THAT ITS VICTIMS SCREAM IN AGONY! ... AND DIE! ... YOU WERE SPARED BECAUSE THE SOUND WAVES DIDN'T PENETRATE THAT BOOTH WHERE YOU WERE PHONING TO ME!

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I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING FRANTIC!...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! ... NO! ... DON'T!



BECAUSE THIS IS JUST THE FIRST PAYMENT ON THE DEBT THAT YOU OWE TO AMERICA!



I'LL LET THE COURTS DECIDE HOW SOON YOU PAY THE REST!

HI, CAP! ... I WAS BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT YOU! BUT I CAN SEE THERE WASN'T ANY NEED OF IT!



ONCE AGAIN, THE MAGIC BIRTHMARK DOES ITS WORK!

SO LONG, LANCE! THAT WAS FUN! LOOK AFTER KIM FOR ME, WILL YOU?

YOU BET! GOODBYE, MICHAEL!



Later...

I TALKED TO DR. MARION AT THE HOSPITAL! HE SAYS RAVEN FOUND OUT ABOUT THE SCREAMING BOMB WHILE HE WAS OPERATING ON HARVEY!

RAVEN WAS THE ANESTHETIST! ... I GUESSED THAT! ONLY SOMEONE PRESENT AT THE OPERATION COULD HAVE KNOWN!

THIS GUY RAVEN SWIPED A COUPLE OF SAMPLES OF THOSE SCREAMING BOMBS ... HEY, LANCE?

RIGHT! HARVEY ORDERED SAMPLES MADE FOR TESTING!

BUT THIS WEAPON IS TOO HORRIBLE, EVEN FOR WARFARE, AND HARVEY DECIDED TO DESTROY THE BLUEPRINTS!



I THINK I AGREE WITH HARVEY!...

LANCE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



LET'S SAY I MADE THE WORLD SAFE -- FROM A TERROR WORSE THAN ANYTHING ONE CAN IMAGINE! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, KIM!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I - I'M GLAD THIS SECRET WILL NEVER BECOME KNOWN!

THERE'S ANOTHER THRILLING CAPTAIN TRIUMPH STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!



By Klaus



IN HIS OWN DETECTIVE DEEDS, **PEN MILLER**, FAMED CARTOONIST, FINDS THE MATERIAL FOR HIS PEN AND INK STORIES....



LETTER FOR YOU, MIST' MILLER!

GOOD NEWS, I HOPE!



CAN YOU TIE THAT? **"SWIFTY" MCGORE** WANTS TO MAKE PEACE! SAYS HE'S GOING STRAIGHT AND WANTS ME TO PHONE HIM TONIGHT AT NINE TO TELL HIM ALL IS FORGIVEN!



LEOPARD ALL SAME NEVER CHANGE SPOTS!!

OH, I DUNNO, **CHOP**... I'M WILLING TO GIVE ALMOST ANYONE A BREAK IF THEY TALK AS IF THEY MEAN IT! ANYWAY, I'LL LAY OFF THIS LATEST STORY ABOUT **SWIFTY** UNTIL I HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM....



THAT NIGHT...

NINE O'CLOCK... TIME TO GIVE **MCGORE** A BUZZ!

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SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT THE APARTMENT OF JOHN CONROY UNDERWORLD POLITICO....



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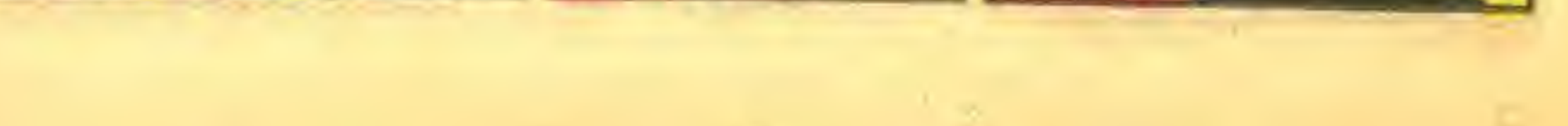
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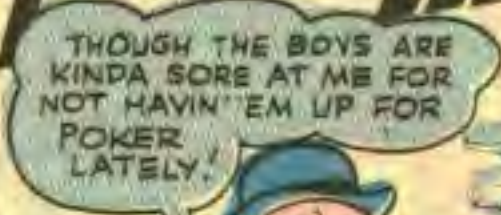


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Molly the Model





CRIME MARCHES ON!... AND SO DOES OUR LITTLE SELF-CREATED COMIC STRIP CHARACTER - THE ONE AND ONLY **INKIE!** INEVITABLY THE TWO PATHS CROSS AND... WHEN **INKIE** AND HIS ARTIST, **JACK COLE**, GET MESSED UP WITH SOME BIG-SHOT CRIMINALS -- LOOK OUT FOR THE FIREWORKS!



BEFORE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THIS STORY, YOU HAFTA UNDERSTAND CRIMINALS... SO WE GIVE YOU THREE OF THE WORST! **MUGSY...**

PLEEEESTA MEECHA!



SLUGSY...

I T'INK DIS IS A BETTER PITCHER'N DA ONE DEY TOOK AT SING SING! DON'T YOUSE?



AND BUGSY!!

HEY, BUGSY!
@#\$%&*!!
WAKE UP!!

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CARIBBEAN ICE

THE big amphib took time lifting from the water. Then, with its four engines pounding in a bellowing roar, it rose above the palms bordering Biscayne Bay and disappeared into the evening.

Eric Vale, pilot, kept the nose of his ship pointed upward. He was not the regular pilot, he was at the moment pinch-hitting for Ron Langley, veteran Clipper pilot. But Eric had a purpose in taking over the controls of the huge flying boat. He was looking for a band of diamond smugglers which had been operating between South America and Florida for several months.

Eric was, of course, a member of the FBI, and this plan, he thought, would give him a clue as to the identity of the daring "ice" merchants. Not that he had a definite plan; he hadn't.

Since Germany's occupation of Holland, the world's clearing house for diamonds, many famous stones had been secretly shipped to Brazil, and then channeled to other countries, mostly the United States. The Blue Star, for instance, had been secreted out of Rio. The Queen's Crystal was another. The Afrikaner was still another. Nobody had a line on any of them.

Eric Vale had set himself the large task. The people behind the smuggling were unquestionably international thieves, smooth, clever, dangerous, wise to the ways of custom inspectors.

Eric had hired the big Clipper boat. He carried no passengers. He had no particular destination. He was simply on the prowl for thieves.

On a small, mango-covered island in the Caribbean, a group of people sat in a thatched hut discussing a thrilling subject in a foreign tongue.

Mario Lobetti, an ex-rum runner, seemed to be the leader. He was talking now:

"Look, you guys, we've got

one of the most valuable sparklers in the world to deliver into the U. S. A. We've been makin' a killin' for a long time deliverin' ice. We're goin' to keep on makin' money—"

Portugee Pete was contact man from Rio. He had a word to say:

"Yeah. Fine. We don't have no trouble down here, but them Yank customs guys is puttin' on the heat. We're run outa hidin' places for th' ice, Boss."

"We'll think of other hidin' places, Portugee," said Mario.

There were five men on the island, excluding Pete. Pete sped back and forth between Rio and the isle in a speedboat. It was only thirty miles. Pete made the deals for the diamonds, brought them to the island and Mario's crew worked out the delivery angles. They had used many unique stunts to smuggle the gems into the United States. Several unsuspecting persons had carried stones with them without knowing about it. The thieves—another group stationed in Florida—removed the diamonds from the persons—still without them knowing about the transaction.

But the official net was tightening. Inspection now required twice the time it used to. Travelers grumbled at the enforced delays. But Uncle Sam is inexorable. The diamond smugglers must be halted!

And then the first one was caught! J. Arlington Averill, president of the Miami Trust Company, was found to have a huge blue-white stone in his luggage.

"But I tell you," he roared, "this is an outrage. Me—a smuggler! This is a deliberate attempt to besmirch my name!"

But nevertheless J. Arlington Averill was held in \$50,000 bond, which he posted himself. Of course, the authorities knew he wasn't guilty; the gem had been

secreted among his effects for delivery through the customs. It was assumed that men of Averill's standing received lighter inspections.

Mario, back on the island, cursed when he heard of Averill's apprehension, via radio. Of all the stupid, unexpected things! He'd often watched Averill dash through Customs with scarcely a glance by the officers. And now—

"Well, we're out just \$40,000," said Mario moodily. "But we'll not gripe. We're bound to miss occasionally."

Eric, flying at 12,000, looked down on the flat, placid expanse of the Caribbean and wondered where he'd start. He dropped lower, down to 3000. Then he saw a man in a small power boat, becalmed, and waving frantically from the cockpit. Eric smacked down on the water and taxied close to the craft.

Portugee Pete shouted, "Hey, mister, will you take me in to Rio? Crankshaft busted."

"Okay," said Eric. "But how—"

"I'll swim," Pete said. He rummaged in the cockpit a moment, then dived overside. In five minutes he was crawling aboard the plane. "I'll send a boat back for the launch," he explained. "She won't drift far in this calm."

Eric put the Clipper down in Rio Harbor and a boat took them to the wharf.

"Thanks a lot, mister," said Pete, and hurried off into the crowd. Something told Eric to follow the Italian. He had a tough time of it, but managed to keep the little chap in sight. Pete caught a cab and Eric did likewise, directing the driver to follow the other vehicle.

It was a crazy drive, through the slums of Rio's waterfront. But at last Pete's cab halted in a narrow street and he climbed out. He glanced around then

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ducked into a corridor. Eric had stopped his cab a half block back. Now he started toward where Pete had vanished.

He crossed the street and hid in a dark doorway. After only a few minutes Pete reappeared with a thickset fellow in tow. They stood on the curb for a minute, then a cab came up and they got in.

As they pulled away, he dashed across the street and piled on to the trunk rack behind the cab.

The taxi swung toward the waterfront and after a few miles, stopped before a series of boat houses. Pete and his companion got out. Eric dropped off and slipped around the cab. The two men entered one of the houses.

The cab left, and Eric tried the door. It was locked. Pretty soon he heard the thunder of a power boat's engine. Hurrying around the end of the houses, he saw the two men slip into the harbor, heading across the water. Eric hastened up the street until he found a cab. He directed the driver to the Clipper Bay.

Eric had time to inform the Harbor Police and ask them to speed toward's Pete launch, before he himself hopped into a boat and was taken to the amphib. Pete's launch, he could see, was a good three miles out in the bay. It was doubtful if the slower police boat could over-

haul them.

As Eric climbed aboard the Clipper, a man barked, "Stick 'em up, fellow!"

It was Pete.

"What's all this?" Eric asked calmly, lifting his hands.

"You an' me is goin' to Bermuda," Pete said. "An' as I'm in a kinda hurry, we'd better get goin' No funny business, mister, or else—"

Eric slipped behind the controls and started the engines, all the time covered by Pete's automatic. Then they were soaring up from the water. Bermuda was something of a sight, and there was a storm coming up. That suited Eric. He said, "What happened to your fat pal in the boat?"

"Don't make no difference," Pete replied. "The rest of them rats can go hang. I've got th'—" He caught himself. He'd almost spilled the beans. Eric knew he was a diamond smuggler now.

The storm was getting nearer. It was growing dark and a wind was beginning. Then Eric felt the plane wrench and a violent upheaval of air lifted it half over. Accompanying this was the unmistakable scream of an anti-aircraft shell.

"Wot th'—" began Pete.

Eric fought the controls and slipped on more throttle. Someone was throwing shells at them. Eric began spiralling upward

and another shell whistled past, too close for comfort. He snapped on his radio. Rapid Portuguese rattled into the 'phones:

"Come down, or we'll blast you. This is the Rio police!"

So that was it. They thought he was one of the smugglers. He began losing altitude, but Pete sensed the gesture. He poked the gun into Eric's ribs.

"No, you don't! We're goin' to Bermuda. Them's the cops down there shootin'."

Then Eric did the only thing he could do. He nosed the ship over quickly, hurling Pete into the control panel. The pistol roared and a bullet whistled harmlessly into the cockpit. When Eric righted the plane, Pete lay on the floor with a gash above one eye. He was knocked out.

A minute later Eric had landed near the police boat and officers were coming aboard. They were apologetic. They knew that Eric wasn't one of the band. They knew Pete was aboard, because they had seen him leave the small boat and climb onto the Clipper. They figured that Pete had got the drop on Eric and had forced him to fly somewhere. It was most wonderful that the young Americano had trapped this evil one, Pete. He was the worst crook in Rio.

Pete had a half million dollars worth of diamonds on him.

BE THE PAPER WEIGHT CHAMPION!

COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER

**YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS
IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!**

**YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP
MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS,
AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR
FIGHTING MEN!**

PAPER FIGHTS!

JOIN THE SCRAP!





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FIRST, MR. BUMBLE, I WISH YOU'D CLEAR THOSE OLD CANS OFF THAT TOP SHELF!



MADAM... NO SOONER SAID THAN...



DONE!

OOPS! BLASTED BOARD WAS LOOSE!



GOOD HEAVENS, MA'AM --- FORGIVE ME! ... HOW COULD I O'BEEEN SO CARELESS?



BUT, WAIT! ... THIS KEROSENE 'LL GET THAT PAINT OFF IN NO TIME!



IT'S MIGHTY HANDY HAVIN' A TRIGGER-WITTED, RESOURCEFUL MAN LIKE ME AROUND AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



FIRST, I SWAB OFF THE WORST STAINS LIKE THIS... NICE AND CAREFUL... AND THEN ---



I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING---

IN ONE SECOND, MA'AM, YOU'LL SEE WHAT I'M DOING, ALL RIGHT!...



OH-OH! HIS HOT CIGAR ASH FALLS!

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--IF--IF I WAS TO SORTA MOSEY OVER AN' SEE IF WE COULDN'T BE OF HELP TO 'EM IN SOME SMALL WAY!



NEVER MIND, SON! ... YOUR FATHER'S ALREADY ATTENDED TO THAT LITTLE CHORE!



YEAH--AND OF ALL THE STUPID, STUFFY PEOPLE....!



THE ONE I SAW WASN'T SO STUFFY!



NEAR-SIGHTED BUMBLE DOESN'T REALIZE THE LADY IS PLAYFULLY WAVING AND TOSSING KISSES TO HER DAUGHTER NEXT DOOR -- AND NOT TO HIM!



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NEXT EVENING, AT THE BLATHERS...
A CHEERY, CHUMMY LITTLE GROUP FILLS
THE AIR WITH GREAT GOBS OF
GOOD-WILL AND SWEET,
NEIGHBORLY LOVE!...

AND
FRIDAY,
MRS. BLATHER,
YOU MUST
DINE WITH
US!

HONEST?
YOU CAN
REALLY
COOK
CREPE
SUZETTES?

SURE! I
STUDIED
IT GOOD
IN A
MAGAZINE
ARTICLE!

SURE DOTTY!
GET THE
STUFF AND
WE'LL HAVE
SOME
READY
IN A
PIG'S
WHISPER!

LET'S COOK
SOME NOW
AND
SURPRISE
THE
FOLKS!

SOMETHING
TELLS ME
WE'RE GOING
TO BE GREAT
FRIENDS,
BUMBLE!!

THAT'S HOW
IT SHOULD BE...
NEIGHBORS,
PALS,
BUDDIES...!
BROTHERS!

I'M SO GLAD
I MET YOU,
MRS. BUMBLE!

FIRST..I LIGHT
A NICE LITTLE
FIRE HERE --
AND THEN...

OUT BEEZY'S BLAZE FLARES
UP AND A BREEZE BLOWS IT
ONTO THE WINDOW
CURTAIN - AND...

...TO SOME FAR-OFF PLACE
WHERE THERE ARE NO
BUMBLES, THANK
HEAVENS!

WELL, THERE'S
AT LEAST ONE
CONSOLATION! ...
NOW WE'LL HAVE
TO MOVE ...

UG-
GLUG!

CRACK COMICS

THE Clock

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

2.

and your ~~to~~ ~~over~~
~~to~~ mail order course
garanteed results or my
~~do~~ money back! I praktised
fathefully for a month and I
can't do anything you said
I could! If ~~I~~ I don't get my
\$1.89 back at ~~the~~ once I
will see you lousy scunks
for one ~~thousand~~ million
dollars! Anser at once
or I will put the grat-
est ~~detektive~~ in the
world on your crooked
~~tail~~ trail! So there!!

* Butch *



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OH OH! THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN-----



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IT'S NEW, IT'S THE WONDERSCOPE

— TWO REAL TELESCOPES IN ONE —

5 POWER FOR SHORT RANGE-10 POWER FOR EXTRA MILEAGE

**BOTH EXTEND
TO 16 INCHES
LONG**

**BRINGS OBJECTS
FAR AWAY CLEARLY
CLOSE TO YOUR EYE**



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with this offer

**COMPLETE
READY
TO USE**



PART
OF A
LEAF

DROP
OF WATER
MAGNIFIED



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S
EYE

PACKED WITH 1000 PICTURES

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astonished by your immense knowledge. Everyone will admire you.

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EXAMINE IT FREE

If you send for the big **WONDERS OF LIVING THINGS** immediately, you will receive **FREE** with your order the 150-power microscope pictured above together with polarized caps, glass slides and directions. You will be overwhelmingly delighted, but if you're not you may return them for full refund within five days. **THIS BIG FREE OFFER IS LIMITED** to the supply of microscopes available to us. Due to war conditions, we cannot guarantee this for very long. To avoid disappointment, **ACT WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS.** Send no money. **RUSH COUPON TODAY.**

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